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Happy New Year - 1899.

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BY SEVERN SEA



# BY SEVERN SEA

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

T. HERBERT WARREN, M.A.

*President of Magdalen College, Oxford*

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET

1898

DEDICATED  
BY PERMISSION  
TO  
**Her Majesty the Queen**

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TO THE QUEEN

LADY WHOSE ORBED SOVEREIGNTY  
BY MANY A LAND AND EVERY SEA  
TIES HALF THE GLOBE WITH EMPERY,

WHO ASKED OF HEAVEN THE BETTER PART,  
A WISE AND UNDERSTANDING HEART,  
AND GAINED LONG LIFE AND RULING ART ;

NOW WHEN HER FLOWERS A NATION FLINGS,  
NOW WHEN THE WORLD ITS GREETING BRINGS,  
AND WITH ACCLAIM A PLANET RINGS :

ONE BLOOM HER CLOISTER-GARDEN BEARS,  
ONE ECHO OF HER CHANTED AIRS,  
YOUR COLLEGE OF THE LILY DARES

ON THIS TWICE CROWNED CROWNING DAY  
THAT SUMS THE CYCLES OF YOUR SWAY  
LOYALLY AT YOUR FEET TO LAY.

*Magdalen College, Oxford:*

*20th June, 1897.*



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NOTE.—Some of the pieces which follow are reprinted by permission from the "Spectator," "Athenæum," and "Guardian," and from "Macmillan's" and the "Oxford Magazine," in which they first appeared. The greater number of them formed the collection issued in a small limited edition in the spring of this year (1897) by Mr. Daniel of Worcester College, Oxford, from his private press, but a few are now printed for the first time.



TO R. D. BLACKMORE

**P**ROSE POET of the fabled West,  
Ere school and railway had begun  
To fuse our shires and tongues in one,  
And equalize the worst and best,

While Devon vowels fluted yet  
By Dart and Lynn their mellow length,  
While flourished still in Saxon strength  
The consonants of Somerset,

Your Exmoor epic fixed the hues  
That lingered on by combe and tor,  
And in the hollow vale of Oare  
You found a matter for your Muse !

The brigands' den, the prisoned bride,  
The giant yeoman's hero mould,  
Who fought and garrulously told  
The Iliad of his country-side ;

B

I

✓ You bade them live and last for us  
And for our heirs, as caught erewhile  
The Doric of his rocky isle  
Lives in your loved Theocritus ;—

Loved, for you are a child of ours,  
And know and prize the scholar's home  
Who learned in student days to roam  
Among the cloisters and the towers

Where now my missive rhyme I pen  
To greet you as in lettered ease  
You move amid your birds and bees,  
Old Virgil's gardener come again ;

Or like Alcinous from his hall  
Survey your orchards ripening fair,  
Apple on apple, pear on pear,  
From snowy blossom to golden ball ;

Or teach your swelling vines to shape  
Their tender buds and safely thrust  
The spires that hold in starry dust  
The promise of the purple grape.

---

*By Severn Sea*

---

So may they find you, may you take  
    These verses with a kindlier eye  
    And backward thoughts of sympathy  
With him who writes, for memory's sake ;

Who loves like you the western ground,  
    The wilder scene, the hills that scent  
    The sea, and in this inland pent  
That hems our Academe around,

Must fain require his haunts of old,  
    Though happy here, and sometimes miss  
    By still and silver Tamesis  
The rushing Severn's molten gold.

*Oxford :*

*April, 1896.*

BY SEVERN SEA

THE rolling moorland russet-dun  
With all its gold and purple bloom  
Made fragrant by the summer sun,  
Climbs from the softly-curving combe  
Above dark wood and whitening lea  
And orchard green by Severn Sea ;

A noble flood, more proudly wide,  
From our dear island's mother breast  
Pours none, nor swirls a fuller tide  
To barter with the boundless West  
For many a costly argosy  
Than this broad stream of Severn Sea.

A dateless gulf whose wave of old  
Yet fervent from the central flame,  
By tropic jungle steaming rolled,  
Or foamed around the monstrous frame  
Of flying, creeping, swimming things  
With serpent gorge and dragon wings ;



Lands that a mystic glamour fills,  
The after-glow of sunken stars,  
Where the old tongues murmur to the hills  
Dead loves, dead hates, forgotten wars,  
And Arthur's phantom glories haunt  
The shadowy scene of high romaunt.

What life, what death of brute and man  
Have scarred your earth and stained your wave,  
Where pirate horde and robber clan  
Have reared and ravaged home and grave,  
And gorgeous wrecks of stately Spain  
Mix with the bones of Celt and Dane !

Now all is peace from shore to shore,  
Mourns Avalon in ruined state  
Beneath her silent-watching tor,  
And holy Cleeve thy sculptured gate  
Sees but the glittering runnel pass  
Beside thy cloister-guarded grass ;

While towered hall and castle stand,  
Their ancient wont and fashion yet

Unchanged, as if some fairy hand  
    'Mid their green oaks of Somerset  
    Had lulled them to such drowsihood  
    As chained erewhile the Slumbering Wood,

So sleep they, only through their dream  
    At times the merry bugles wind,  
When hound and horse and horseman gleam  
    By ferny haunts of hart and hind,  
    And pride of olden venerie  
    The antlered stag goes wildly free.

Nought hear they else, but from its well  
    Deep in the dim heart of the glen  
The secret stream from dell to dell  
    Rustling by ways apart from men,  
    Till in some cool and shadowed cave  
    It wed the quiet-waiting wave.

O charmèd realm, O storied scene,  
    What echoes whisper on your tide,  
What memories mingle with your sheen,  
    Of lives that here have breathed and died,

Of lips whose unforgotten lays  
Made beauty lovelier by their praise !

Here sojourned erst the lyric three,  
Whose wandering made a classic ground  
From Quantoxhead to Dunkery,  
Where they by height or hollow found  
Fountains that carol for all time  
In tune to their own deathless rhyme ;

And here that nearer dearer tongue  
Mourned his dead friend and sang the dirge—  
More sadly sweet was never sung—  
Of him who on your murmurous verge  
Wind-wafted from Italian land  
Hath rest by his own Severn strand.

Ah western winds and waters mild !  
Others your vaporous languors chide ;  
They have not loved you from a child,  
Nor grown to strength your shore beside.  
Ye speak of youth and hope to me,  
Ye airs, ye floods of Severn Sea !

---

*By Severn Sea*

---

For I was native to your mood  
And apt to take your influence,  
To muse and pause, to pore and brood,  
To doubt the shows and shapes of sense,  
To dream how not to dream away  
The long large hours of boyhood's day.

And when high noon on many a sail  
Was bright along the brimming flow,  
Or when the westering sun must fail  
Blood-red, and from the shifting glow  
Of lilac-citron skies the queen  
That sways your motion glimmered green,

One lesson still my spirit learned  
From flood and daylight fleeting past,  
And from its own strange self that yearned  
Like them to lapse into the vast,  
And merge and end its vague unrest  
In some wide ocean of the West ;

Ere we can find true peace again,  
Our being must have second birth,

Purged and made one through joy and pain  
With Him Who rules and rounds the earth,  
Beyond the dark, behind the light,  
In mystery of the Infinite.

And we like rivers from their source  
Through cloud and shine, by deep or shoal,  
Must follow that which draws our course,  
The Love that is its guide and goal ;  
Of life, of death, ye made me free,  
Waters and hills of Severn Sea !

*Minehead :*

*August, 1892.*

TO LORD TENNYSON

NESTOR of Poesy, whose utterance sage  
Has charmed so long our time, example bright  
In the hard war of Truth, a steadfast light  
To guide our search in this self-darkened age !  
Thou in a more heroic hour didst wage  
With men of mighty mould victorious fight  
Two generations back, and still of right  
Reign'st in the third, and none may lift thy gage ;  
Nor yet in this thy lovely Pylian realm  
And hospitable home, wilt wholly rest,  
Shaping what shall not die, beside the shore,  
Till God shall bid thee sail and bend the helm  
Beyond the Ocean and the misty West,  
Whither thine own Antilochus went before.

*Freshwater :*

*April, 1891.*

VIRGILIUM VIDI

*THE old Latin commentators preserve several striking notices of Virgil's habit of reading or reciting his poems, both while he was composing them, and after they were completed, and especially of the remarkable beauty and charm of the poet's rendering of his own words and its powerful effect upon his hearers. 'He read,' says Suetonius, 'at once with sweetness and with a wonderful fascination; and Seneca had a story of the poet Julius Montanus saying that he himself would attempt to steal something from Virgil if he could first borrow his voice, his elocution, and his dramatic power in reading; for the very same lines, said he, which when the author himself read them sounded well, without him were empty and dumb. He read to Augustus the whole of his Georgics, and on another occasion three books of the Æneid, the second, the fourth, and the sixth, the last with an effect upon Octavia not to be forgotten, for she was present at the reading, and at those great lines about her own son and his premature death, which begin "Tu Marcellus eris," it is said that she fainted away and was with difficulty recovered. His amanuensis Eros again, in his old age, used to relate how Virgil, on one occasion, carried away by the warmth of recitation, had completed on*

*the spur of the moment two lines previously left by him unfinished, —the lines—*

Misenum Æoliden, quo non præstantior alter

Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu—

*and had ordered him at once to write them into the book.’* (SUET. *Life of Virgil*, ed. Nettleship, pp. 15, 16.) *Another passage which Virgil is said to have read, with immense effect upon the feelings of his hearers, is the well-known one in the fourth Æneid (vv. 320-324).*

Te propter Lybicæ gentes Nomadumque tyranni

Odere, infensi Tyrii ; te propter eundem

Exstinctus pudor, et, qua sola sidera adibam,

Fama prior. Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes ?

Hoc solum nomen quoniam de conjuge restat.

(SERVIUS *ad loc.*)



## TO ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

L ORD in this land and lord in many lands,  
    However far may reach  
The myriad labour of our English hands,  
    Our always-widening speech,  
Crowned with the bay and brightening with your fame  
    The leaves your elders wore !  
Now while the crocus darts a leaping flame,  
    About your garden-door,  
And by your trees the flower, whose happy part  
    Time since it was to fill  
With her blithe mood a sterner laureate's heart,  
    The gracious daffodil,  
Coy daughter of the wild and wont to hide  
    A shy and secret queen,  
Springs unafraid and flaunts her simple pride  
    Of sylvan gold and green ;  
While on the downs above the wintry turf  
    The venturesome violets peep,  
And with a softer sigh the creaming surf  
    Seethes round the chalky steep,

And on his cheek the climbing traveller feels  
Not quite unkind the breeze  
Before whose breath a bluer shadow steals  
Across the thawing seas,  
And in the sheltered combs beside the snow  
The first primroses dare,  
And the lark flutes and flutters high and low  
Tossed on the April air ;  
Now when the singing and the springing time  
Makes bolder every heart,  
Take, king of verse, the tribute of a rhyme,  
Albeit of little art,  
From one who prizes more than words can say,  
As life and cares grow long,  
What charmed with simpler spell his boyhood's day—  
The magic of your song ;  
As more and more a wiser sense divines  
What in quick heats of youth  
He deemed the form of beauty in your lines  
To be the soul of truth :  
And counts him thrice and four times fortunate  
To have found such signal grace  
Of welcome bidding pass the sacred gate,  
And entering, face to face

To have seen the Virgil of our time, and heard,  
    More musical than song,  
The rolling cadence of the poet's word  
    In accents true and strong,  
Grandly reverberant with a nation's wail  
    Above the warrior's grave,  
Or softly calling to the silver sail  
    Across the moonlit wave ;  
In such a moving voice as that which made  
    The imperial mother swoon  
With sweet and sharp of sorrow, when it bade  
    The purple flowers be strewn,  
And lavish lilies heaped upon the head  
    Withdrawn as soon as shown,  
Rome's idle honour to a spirit fled  
    Too pure to be her own ;  
Or sang how piled beneath Misenus' hill  
    The trumpet and the oar  
Signed the dumb ghost whose living lips had skill  
    To light the blaze of war ;  
The very voice of beauty and of art  
    Where yet so strangely ring  
Those undernotes of tears that are a part  
    Of every mortal thing.

Dust is the singer, but the song endures,  
    Making the old tongue of Rome,  
Though dead, to speak ; and even so shall yours  
    O'erleap the bounds of home,  
Not only to be read by him who spells  
    A half-forgotten lore  
'Mid mouldering shelves of ancient halls, or dwells  
    Upon an old-world shore,  
Beside some classic hill or fount that links  
    Our day to ages flown  
By Tuscan or Ægean wave, or drinks  
    The Danube or the Rhone,  
But echoing round and round our ampler earth  
    To capes of hope and ire,  
And islands parted by the globe's full girth,  
    And zones of frost and fire,  
Where Mississippi or Saint Lawrence drifts  
    His rafted forests by,  
Or snowy-corniced Himalaya lifts  
    The world's white roof on high.

*Freshwater :*

*April, 1891.*

IN MEMORIAM  
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Μοῦσα καινῶν ὕμνων  
ἄεισον ἐν δακρύοις  
ψῶδ' ἀν' ἐπικήδειον.

LAST left of the mortal Immortals, art thou too taken at  
last,  
Loved part so long of the present, must thou too pass to the  
past?  
Thou hast lain in the moonlight and lapsed in a glory from  
rest into rest,  
And still is the teeming brain, and the warm heart cold in the  
breast,  
And frozen the exquisite fancy, and mute the magical tongue  
From our century's tuneful morn to its hushing eve that had  
sung.

Crowned poet and crown of poets whose wealth and whose wit  
could combine  
Great echoes of old-world Homer, the grandeur of Milton's  
line,

---

*In Memoriam*

---

The sad sweet glamour of Virgil, the touch of Horace divine,  
Theocritus' musical sigh, and Catullus daintily fine !

Poet of Art and of Nature, of sympathies old and new,  
Who read in the earth and the heavens, the fair and the good  
and the true,  
And who wrote no line and no word that the world will ever  
rue !

Singer of God and of men, the stars were touched by thy  
brow,

But thy feet were on English meadows, true singer of England  
thou !

We lose thee from sight, but thy brothers with honour receive  
thee now,

From earliest Chaucer and Spenser to those who were nearer  
allied,

The rainbow-radiance of Shelley and Byron's furious pride,  
Rich Keats and austere Wordsworth, and Browning who  
yesterday died

By sunny channels or Venice, and Arnold from Thames' green  
side.

Knells be rung, and wreaths be strung, and dirges be sung for  
the laurelled hearse,

---

*In Memoriam*

---

Our tears and our flowers fade scarce more fast than our  
transient verse,  
For even as the refluent crowds from the glorious Abbey  
disperse,  
They are all forgotten, and we go back to our fleeting lives ;  
But we are the dying, and thou the living, whose work  
survives,  
The sum and the brief of our time, to report to the after-years  
Its thoughts and its loves and its hopes and its doubts and its  
faiths and its fears ;  
They live in thy lines for ever, and well may our era rejoice  
To speak to the ages to come with so sweet and so noble a  
voice.

*12th October, 1892.*

ADDISON'S WALK

GREEN natural cloister of our Academe,  
What ghost is this that greets us as we pace  
Beneath your boughs, the genius of the place,  
With soft accost that fits our musing dream ?  
Scholar, divine, or statesman would beseem  
That reverend air, that pensive-brilliant face  
And lofty wit and speech of Attic grace  
Rich in grave ornament and noble theme :

'Tis he who played unspoiled a worldly part,  
Taught the town truth, and in a formal age  
Lured fop and toast to heed a note sublime ;  
Who here had early learned the crowning art,  
To walk the world like Plato's monarch-sage,  
*Spectator of all being and all time.*



MAY-DAY ON MAGDALEN TOWER

WRITTEN FOR  
MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE

MORN of the year, of day and May the prime !  
How fitly do we scale the steep dark stair,  
Into the brightness of the matin air,  
To praise with chanted hymn and echoing chime,  
Dear Lord of Light, Thy lowlihead sublime  
That stooped erewhile our life's frail weed to wear !  
Sun, clouds, and hills, all things Thou framest so fair,  
With us are glad and gay, greeting the time.

The college of the lily leaves her sleep ;  
The gray tower rocks and trembles into sound,  
Dawn-smitten Memnon of a happier hour ;  
Through faint-hued fields the silver waters creep ;  
Day grows, birds pipe, and robed anew and crowned,  
Green Spring trips forth to set the world aflower.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND RICHARD DURNFORD, LORD  
BISHOP OF CHICHESTER, ON ST RICHARD'S DAY  
M.DCCCLXXXII

*Dicit quidem Petrus Ravennas, quod ipsa sæpe sanc-  
torum nomina meritum indicant, testantur insignia;  
Ricardus igitur etymologice potest dici, quasi Ridens,  
Carus et Dulcis . . . ut metricè merito de ipso dica-  
tur—*

*Nominis in primo rides, dulcescis in imo,  
Si medium quæris, carus amicus eris.—*

Acta Sanctorum : Vita Sti Ricardi Cicestrensis.

RICHARD OF CHICHESTER

**R**ICHARD OF CHICHESTER, so ran the style  
Of him who now six centuries away,  
Ruling Cicestria's 'realm' with gentle sway,  
Sent light and peace out o'er our troubled isle,  
His very name the record of his smile,  
And of his sweetness and his charm, they say ;  
So ran the style, and so it runs to-day,  
Though the saint sleeps beneath the hallowed pile ;

For still a Richard fills Cicestria's throne,  
Whose ninetieth year mellows and not impairs  
The ruler wise, learn'd scholar, faithful priest,  
Courtly and kind and dear to all his own,  
Friends who shall yet, if God so grant their prayers,  
Send him more greetings on his namesake Feast.

(REGNUM seems to have been the Roman name for Chichester.)

‘WHERE TRUE JOYS ARE TO BE FOUND’

TIME was I yearned for happiness,  
Time was I burned for fame,  
Nor marked the Love and loveliness  
Unsought, unbought that came :

Now happiness seems emptiness,  
And fame a fickle breath,  
And only Love and loveliness  
Have promise over Death.

THE POINT OF SPRING

'T WAS that sweet moment of the year  
When first the seasons' hopes appear,  
When through black boughs of winter seen  
Spring shimmers in a gauze of green.

His pushing heir not yet installed  
The guiltless cuckoo shyly called,  
And like a fountain pulsing strong  
Larks towered and dropped on jets of song ;

Nodded beneath the sheltering hill  
In the low breeze the daffodil,  
And pink the budding almond stood  
Blushing at her own hardihood ;

While on the down so harsh and bare  
But yesterday, see everywhere  
Pale stars in purple morning set,  
The primrose with the violet !

HESPERIDES

ALL AMIDST THE GARDENS FAIR  
OF HESPERUS AND HIS DAUGHTERS THREE  
THAT SING ABOUT THE GOLDEN TREE

MISTRESS Rachel, Mistress Ruth,  
Dancing down the ways of youth  
By the dancing rills of truth,  
Fairy music lead your measure,  
Bring you to the hidden treasure  
And the oracles of sooth,  
Bid all sprites of evil vanish,  
Gnome and Kobold ban and banish,  
Charm each dragon head uncouth !

So they danced among their roses,  
Whom the Grecian tale discloses,  
In the golden-fruited garden  
Where the watchful snake was warden,  
Daughters of the sunset West,  
Magic maidens ever lilting,

Magic bowers never wilting,  
While the sunset flashed and bickered  
And the sparkling ocean flickered  
And the silver Star of Even  
Hung above the crimson heaven,  
And the whirling world had rest.

Till there came the hero presence  
Breaking on their charmed pleasaunce  
From the lands of work and pain,  
Quelled the fierce unsleeping warden,  
Plucked the fruitage of the garden  
For a gift at Wisdom's fane ;  
For a gift and for a token  
That the lulling spell was broken,  
All the careless years completed,  
All their golden nonage fled,  
And the star that lit to dreaming  
Must for busy morn be beaming,  
And the world must whirl again.

Dancing down the ways of youth  
By the dancing rills of truth,  
Fairy music lead your measure,

---

*Hesperides*

---

Bring you to the hidden treasure  
And the oracles of sooth,  
Bid all sprites of evil vanish,  
Gnome and Kobold ban and banish,  
Charm each dragon head uncouth ;  
Mistress Rachel, Mistress Ruth !

*Christmas, 1895.*



A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

DEAR friends, who from your æry home  
Watch all the glancing fates that fleet  
In light and shade o'er tower and dome  
Of Oxford at your feet—

Green Spring that smiles through tears of rain,  
Or golden Summer's gorgeous glow—  
Red Autumn on the fiery vane,  
White Winter still with snow :—

Thames vale in morning vapour drest,  
Noon brooding o'er the sultry High,  
The Poet's Tree by Cumnor crest  
Etched on the evening sky :—

You scan our scene, you hear our noise—  
A sound of many changing chimes,  
Now sad with grief, now glad with joys,  
The echo of our times :

---

*A New Year's Greeting*

---

You see us through a happy haze  
    Of new delight, of old content,  
But are you mindful of the days  
    That here below you spent ?

Do you to-night perchance remember  
    A fragrant hour, a summer moon,—  
Will you watch with us in December,  
    As once you watched in June ?

Midsummer-midnight 'twas—no word  
    Spoke from the sleeping moon-blanch'd tower,  
Only the soul the secret heard  
    Of that fate-laden hour.

Midwinter-midnight 'tis, and, hark !  
    From merry spire and turret ring  
A hundred chimes through all the dark—  
    What burthen do they sing ?

' A year is flying, sighing, flowing, going,  
    A dear old year, a kind old year :—  
A year is meeting, greeting, showing, growing,  
    A bright, a light New Year.

---

*A New Year's Greeting*

---

‘ New homes, new hopes, new joy, and if new trouble,  
Love old and new, in joy, in trouble too :  
Happy the single life, happier the double,  
Happy the old, happier the new :  
Two loves for one, four friends for two.’

L'ENVOI

Then hail, dear friends, thrice o'er, and let this letter  
Writ in the old year bid welcome to the new :  
Good was the old, but may the new be better,  
Dear friends, for us and you !

*Magdalen College :*

*New Year's Eve, 1890.*

TO THE BRIDE

WITH A COPY OF ROBERT BRIDGES'  
'SHORTER POEMS'

TO the bride  
Her friends two  
Old and new  
Wedlock-tied

Send this tome,  
With all message  
Fair, to presage  
Her new home.

Of Oxford's best  
He who wrote  
Each sweet note,—  
He who pressed,—

He who bound ;—  
May she find  
It to her mind,  
As they've found !

TO J. C. S.

ENVOY TO A BIRTHDAY ODE

DEAR Lady, take this little song,  
Not over-wise though all too long ;  
As tiny straws flung up in air  
May show what way strong winds do fare,  
So little words ill-chosen and weak  
The heart's deep voice may faintly speak.

Time was I found thy stately mien  
As of a gracious distant queen ;  
Now drawing nearer to thy throne,  
With growing years emboldened grown,  
I fain take courage to record  
The debt that all these years afford ;  
And though no words on any day  
Nor any deeds can all repay,  
Bid boyhood's chivalry find end  
In the true service of a friend.

*Davos Platz,*  
*26th August, 1884.*

---

*To J. C. S. A Birthday Ode*

---

TO J. C. S.

A BIRTHDAY ODE

WHILOME I wrote a little song,  
Not wise, I said, though all too long,  
A little song great debt to pay,  
How great nor short nor long could say.

A stately gracious queen you seemed  
When youth confirmed what boyhood dreamed ;  
Now youth to ampler manhood changed  
O'er wider fields of life has ranged ;  
Some flowers he finds grown fruit, some yet  
Flowering, and still the ancient debt  
Exceeds the utmost of his store,  
And you are worthier than before ;  
So little words ill-chosen and weak  
The heart's deep voice once more must speak.

Ah ! can it be a lustre's flown  
Since then we gathered at your throne ?  
How full the years, how fleet the tides,  
How much is gone, how much abides,

What loss in gain, what gain in loss,  
What siftings of the gold from dross,  
What planting and what watering hours,  
What increase from the holier powers,  
What hopes grown memories, what fears,  
What tender joys, what tenderer tears  
Too sacred for a holiday,  
Yet never from our hearts away,  
While that sweet heaven-uplifted star  
Smiles on her earthly home from far !

So take, dear Lady of this day,  
Once more the tribute of a lay  
And gratitude how poorly drest,  
With five years' added interest,  
Nay, doubled now by that sweet tone  
The over-echo or my own ;  
For listen, and you'll hear it come  
A response o'er the seas of home  
In sweet accord to all I say  
From her that should be here to-day ;  
When all and each who call you friend  
Or dearer names, your court attend  
In act or heart, with blithest mien

---

*To J. C. S. A Birthday Ode*

---

And festal garb to greet their queen,  
Whose crown is wisdom as of old  
And courtesy her orb of gold,  
Whose sceptre bright Ithuriel's lance,  
Truth kindling truth where'er it glance.

Long may you reign, and long may we  
Or young or old your lieges be !  
And for your humble loyal bard,  
If neither fate nor you be hard,  
Thus much he hopes, thus much he prays,  
Your royal laurel for his lays,  
And that on some far birthday he  
May see and share your Jubilee !

*Davos Platz,*  
*26th August, 1889.*



LINES FOR A SUNDIAL

*Meditatur Homo.*

DAWNE TO DARKE  
GRADE BY GRADE  
SHADOWES MARKE.

\*

*Monet Solarium.*

SHADOWE HARKE  
WHAT YS SAYDE !

\*

*Monitio.*

THYNGES DIVRNALLE  
BIN A SHADE  
OF ETERNALLE.

ANTHEM

WRITTEN FOR AND SUNG AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT  
FROGMORE, 14TH DECEMBER 1896

*Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children,  
even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear  
Him. For He knoweth whereof we are made,  
He remembereth that we are but dust.*

WORKS of earth and words of air,  
Dust to dust, and breath to breath,  
All we are, and all we were,  
He who made remembereth.

Nought abideth, this world's scheme  
Perisheth and vanisheth,  
Passing like a broken dream  
Waking none remembereth.

---

*Memorial Anthem*

---

Grief abideth, years returning  
To the hearts He chasteneth  
Bring again the tears of mourning ;  
He who wept remembereth.

Faith abideth, even on earth  
Faithfully who laboureth,  
Lo, his life hath endless worth,  
And his Lord remembereth.

Hope abideth, like a star,  
When the darkness deepeneth,  
Guiding to that country far  
Pilgrim zeal remembereth.

Love abideth, Love in heaven,  
Love on earth, can conquer death,  
So His love, by whom is given  
All our love, remembereth.

Lord, remember, Lord, forget not !  
Howsoe'er forgetful we,  
Lord, remember, Jesu, let not  
Our frail nature fall from Thee !

NATURAL RELIGION

**I** WANDERED by the shining river's side,  
Tenderly after Spring's first warming rain  
Blue the heaven, and blue the mirroring tide ;  
From end to end of his restored domain  
The steely swallow swooped ; tufted and pied  
With blossom white and gold the meadow plain,  
And fringed with rush and reed, whereby did glide  
Sweet Thames aripple with rustling glistening train.

I wandered by the steaming river's side,  
Sultry and sick the air, a stagnant thread  
The shrunken stream erewhile so flush and wide  
From pool to pool crawled in his shrivelled bed ;  
Vanished the springing flowers, yellow and dried  
A stubble of withered grass showed in their stead,  
And scarce Thames' honest face could be descried  
With scummy froth and rotting weed o'erspread.

I wandered by the river's side once more ;  
As to some mask of death face-cloth and pall

The chill white mists clung close, an iron floor  
Hard, cold as death itself, with icy wall  
Pent the invisible stream from shore to shore ;  
Silence was over all, death everywhere,  
Death desolate, mute, motionless and froze,  
On sullen earth, clogged flood and starving air.

Again I wandered by the river's shore ;  
Motion was there again, tumult and throes,  
For all the surface heaved and cracked and tore  
Riven and splintered into jagged floes  
That gnashed and justled as they downward bore,  
Grinding and scoring all the tender bank  
And sweeping flotage or wreck and drift before  
The ruining hurry of their turbulent rank.—

Then came a warm wet wind, incessantly  
The rain descended and the tempest beat  
On sodden grass and black unsheltering tree,  
Or changed to colder airs with hail and sleet  
Lashing the wrinkled flood and shivering lea,  
Till all the cleansing cycle was complete,  
And joy returned and bright tranquillity,  
And to the stream once more I bent my feet :

Nor less than this, nor less than death, I cried,  
Than death and dissolution must befall,  
Ere earth could see again his summer pride,  
Or spring her budding maidenhood recall ;  
Fair things must fade that beauty may abide,  
Love is the purpose as the source of strife,  
—So closely link the powers that look so wide,—  
And life death's death, and death the life of life !

TO L. R.

WITH A COPY OF ROBERT BRIDGES' 'SHORTER POEMS'

TAKE, friend of all that's good and fair,  
This book of daintiest verse,  
And let each coy retirèd air  
Its music rare rehearse.

The silver Thames by summer kis't,  
The rustling brakes of Spring  
Or Autumn woods when gales are whist,  
Such songs as these they sing.

Such songs in England's flowering day  
Made merry England brave,  
From honied Chaucer shrewdly gay  
To Wither blithely grave.

FOR ———

LEAVING GRAYTHWAITE BY WINDERMERE

DEAR the gray walls hid in the greenwood side  
    Cresting the sunny shore,  
That sleeping sees the snowy canvas glide  
    And hears the oar ;

Dear the swift stream that tumbling through the glen  
    Scurries across the mead,  
Fit emblem of the restless life of men  
    With peace to end its speed ;

Dear the high moor with purple heath o'erblown,  
    With bracken and with ling,  
Haunts only to the screaming plover known  
    Or the wild hawk's wide wing ;

There lonely straying ofttimes have I vowed  
    My friendship to the rill,  
Or sworn me sister to the wandering cloud  
    Or far-off solemn hill.



---

*Leaving Graythwaite*

---

Ah sheltering garden of my girlhood's day,  
    Ah vocal solitude,  
Into the world of men I take my way  
    With all its murmurs rude ;

Your charmèd woods I leave, yet ere I go  
    Into the hum and strife  
May something of your tranquil beauty flow  
    And pass into my life !

So when I weary with the stifling breath  
    And deafen with the noise,  
Shall come to save me from the spirit's death  
    The memory of your joys ;

Tired of the town my rancy's feet shall tread  
    Once more the upland sod,  
And lead once more the days my childhood led  
    With Nature and with God.

## AN EXCUSE

**Y**OU asked me, friend, to send a Sonnet,  
I wrote that I would think upon it,  
But Love is neither sold nor bought,  
And sonnets do not come with thought,  
Unless the touch of fire be given  
The Muse alone can filch from Heaven ;  
So though my answer linger late,  
I crave your patience still to wait  
Till sunnier hours and skies more kind  
Befriend a something torpid mind.  
When this relentless winter yields,  
And cowslips tuft your Pencombe fields,  
And when in Maudlin May is born  
With chant and chime and dissonant horn,  
And trees grow green and rivers glisten,  
And for the cuckoo's call we listen,  
And larger light gives larger scope  
To soul and sense, why then we'll hope  
The month and Muse may me inspire  
With happier chance to prove the lyre,  
And then may be I'll send a Sonnet,  
For in meantime I'll think upon it.

TO HENRY OLIVE DANIEL OF WORCESTER COLLEGE,  
WITH A COPY OF THE WORKS OF SAMUEL DANIEL  
THE POET

DANIEL, well-lettered son of Somerset,  
And even as he who did these lays indite  
‘Well-languaged,’ take them, yours they are by right  
Of name and nurture, and hereafter let—  
Lest we fair Delia’s Petrarch should forget—  
Some choice exemplar stand for our delight,  
Type, paper, margin, all things, trimly dight,  
Your *Excudebat* for their warrant set !

For you enrich the poet-shrining shelf  
With daintiest treasures old and new, and give  
In many a nice and justly-ordered page  
Back to mechanic days of haste and pelf  
The tasteful Tudor touch,—so these shall live  
Green as their shire and yours from age to age.

TO AMERICA

WRITTEN DURING THE SICKNESS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD,  
SEPTEMBER 1881

DEAR second home beyond the misty sea,  
Shore where the brethren of our fathers sought  
With that chaste bride for whom our fathers fought  
From storms and foes escaped in peace to be :  
That bride whom all too soon fate's irony  
Bade their sons choose both peace and kin before,  
Then when not England on her children war,  
But England's blinded rulers did decree.

Dear home and folk, whom still one tongue assures  
Blood of our blood, who know spite waves and years  
One fealty to one freedom ours and yours,  
Now in your night of trials and of fears  
While light is not and sorrow's ache endures,  
Our prayers you have—may you not need our tears !

ST. PETER'S HOME

TO suffer or to succour, 'tis the school  
Where best we learn what things have truest worth ;  
Not man's frail glories nor his frailer mirth,  
Nor all that doth his purblind sense befool ;  
But to discern by Heaven's inmost rule  
Flowers in the desert, manna amid dearth,  
In tears the baptism of the soul's new birth,  
In pain the angel of the healing pool.

Therefore this House is even God's Hostelry,  
Where with yet throbbing limbs His pilgrims wait,  
Under the wall of His own City of Peace,  
Till thou, the great Apostle of the key,  
Shall at His bidding ope the golden gate,  
And all their labour and their longing cease.

WILLIAM COLLINS

SCHOLAR OF WINCHESTER 1733-40

COMMONER OF QUEEN'S 1740-41. DEMY OF MAGDALEN 1741-44

NIGHTINGALE poet, all too delicate  
For the world's noon ; shy student, with the fair  
Vision of ancient Hellas and the rare  
Magic of her lost lyres impassionate ;  
Thou for a while of freedom, love, and fate,  
Nature, and man's regret, didst trill thine air,  
Thy bosom to the thorn, but could'st not bear  
Of raptured frenzy the o'erteeming freight :

Yet for thy suffering large reward was given,  
In weakness to forerun corrival strength  
And catch the music of the coming days,  
From thy mad cell to hear the voice of Heaven  
After earth's Babel, and on earth at length  
Pure laurels and thy brethren's nicest praise.

EARLY TRAVEL

SWEPT by the breaths of memory  
From those far heights that roll,  
What thousand shimmering pictures lie  
Glassed in thy depths, O soul !

What cherished scenes from that blithe day  
When first by happy chance,  
Our careless trio took its way  
Beyond the seas to France :

When whirled across a weary land  
All day on wheels of fire,  
At even how glad we saw them stand,  
The peaks of our desire.

What towering barriers' shadowy sleep  
Lulled by the pastoral tune  
Of tinkling kine that trampled deep  
In the lush fields of June !

What clustering huts that barred the way,  
What modest faces shy,  
What simple souls' untrammelled play,  
True seed of Arcady !

What scented pine-trees' whispered moan,  
What chime of silver rills  
'Mid flowerets pure as blow alone  
Upon the sacred hills !

To rise, to climb, beneath the night,  
And while the day was born,  
How flushed and paled till all was bright  
Horn after icy horn !

How watched a silent goddess grand  
The mountain of the Rose ;  
How Cervin ramped twixt land and land,  
An obelisk of snows !

To pause beneath the sombre arch  
Cool in its noontide gloom,  
And seem to catch the echoing march  
Of the stern sons of Rome ;



Or make beneath Italian sky  
    The dusty defile ring,  
Racing the flood that thundered by  
    Swoln with the spates of spring ;

Lo, piled upon the mountain side  
    The towers that Virgil drew,  
“Rivers ’neath ancient bulwarks glide,”—  
    That master-hand how true !

And ah, what gentler dear delights  
    By thy loved lake Lucerne,  
Slow sailing under dreaming heights  
    To watch thy waters burn,

When evening on thy pathways glowed,  
    And streamed by spire and bridge,  
And distant dim Pilatus showed  
    More soft his traitor’s ridge !

YOUTH'S ECLIPSE

SICK Autumn spreads his magic tints  
O'er earth and sea,  
The landscape's hectic splendour hints  
The close to be ;  
One hue the smouldering forest paints  
And scarlet skies,  
In mist the narrowing evening faints  
And fades and flies,  
Cold vapours rise a thousand shadows blending  
Of gold and gray,  
And sad and swift in dim mysterious ending  
Burns down the day.  
My soul, my soul, why also dies thy laughter  
In chills and fears ?  
Why dost thou strain and yearn to follow after  
With sighs and tears ?  
Further than night and winter thou must follow  
The goal to see,

Else Spring returned all vain and Summer hollow  
To thee will be:  
Once hast thou wept o'er Autumn and o'er even,  
Thou'rt past the door  
Of Eden : farewell happy early Heaven,  
For evermore !

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON

O SWEET to hear and feel their strife  
That battle in the human cause,  
And make their mother Nature's laws,  
Work out their higher, richer life.

Ay, sweet the whirring of the loom,  
And tramping hoof and rolling wain,  
And feet that pass and come again,  
And dusky, overhanging gloom.

And sweet to see beside the quays  
The stately ships from distant climes,  
And hear the pealing steeple-chimes  
Half drowned in din of thronging ways.

O sweet to leave the common pen,  
To feel a world of wider span,  
To cast the appanage of man,  
And think of other things than men.

Ay, sweet the sultry summer sleep,  
    With chirring birds in brake and fern,  
    With silver laughter of the burn,  
With distant plashing of the deep.

Or sweet from off some breezy wold  
    That crowns the rugged-pillared scar,  
    To catch beyond the woods afar  
The sunset ocean shot with gold.

THE MICROCOSM

**D**ARK against the sky  
Rises the mountain wall,  
But bright, how bright  
In the summer light  
Dashed into white with fall on fall  
The streamlet hurries by !

And here will I lay me down,  
Little stream, for a while by thee,  
Thou one among many, unnoticed, unknown,  
Of all save yon wandering bee,  
Or these flies whose world is this pool of thine,  
Wherein to live and to love, to rejoice and repine.

Yes ! here will I lay me down  
By this pool and this fall of thine,  
And watch the droplets gather and glitter and slip  
From the pendent mosses that fringe the edge  
Of thy tiny channel, or tip  
Some infinitesimal ledge.

Since not Niagara's self

Is more wondrous one whit than this,  
Though it swoop a sea from a continent shelf  
To plunge in an ocean abyss :

For these delicate spikes of flowers,  
And tremulous bents of grass,  
Are waved by the self-same breeze  
That sways the giant trees,  
Or sweeps the Alpine pass,  
Or buffets the soaring pride of sky-built city towers :  
And each fairy filament,  
And feathery frond of fern,  
Is strung of no other element  
Than builds yon mountain chain,  
Or moons that wax and wane,  
Or suns and stars that burn :

And were this to stay in its course,

Or these waters turn back their way,  
The sun would stop and the moon would stay,  
And the stars that are whirled by the self-same force  
Through the cycles of months and of years, of night  
and of day.

Ay, wondrous indeed art thou,  
But how more wonderful I,  
For thou wilt flow as thou flowest now,  
And wear the hills till they sink and are low,  
And through changes endure for ever and on,  
For thy force and thy stuff will never be gone,  
But I shall shortly die !



THE EVERLASTING NO

**T**HOU who hast seen for once and all the vision,  
Thou who hast felt high discontent  
And known the bitter sweet of great ambition,  
Not for these short-lived follies thou wast meant.

Yet which to follow of the striving voices,  
Faith, knowledge, nature, still to meet  
Surfeit in pleasure, in faith superstition,  
In knowledge weariness, in love deceit ?

Forth to the wilderness ? Ah I see only  
Desert winds shaking the desert reeds :  
Ignorant and thirsting still and lonely  
Shall solitude suffice my thousand needs ?

---

*The Everlasting No*

---

What though the inner eye be filled with seeing,  
    What though the mountain and the plain be great,  
Only to think and brood in dreams of being,  
    This cannot solve the riddle of our fate.

Sight of the stars and conscious sense of duty,  
    These are but drops in the still vacant heart,  
These have I known and felt and loved their beauty  
    With half my soul, nor filled the other part.

THE GOLDEN AGE

A Y ME ! ay me ! how sweet  
With eyes of yearning far behind us cast,  
Tired eyes atingle with the bitter blast,  
Tired eyes and sore with all the glare and heat  
That doth so fiercely beat  
On our poor brows who wage  
Here in the blinding dust and sharp turmoil  
Hard warfare, wearying strife,  
And live our workday life  
Of unremitting toil  
In this our iron age,  
How sweet, how glad to turn us to the past,  
How glad, how sweet to gaze  
With yearning eyes far backward cast,  
On those fair seasons of the world's first dawn,  
And scenes so far withdrawn,

---

*The Golden Age*

---

As through a golden haze  
Lit with a rich yet tempered light,  
Till our outwearied sight  
Be comforted feasting on the green of grass,  
And violet gray of sky,  
And waters hyaline,  
And vistas softly lucent wherein pass  
Fair forms of men and women by,  
And shadowy ampler shapes than these, divine !

FOR A CHILDREN'S GAME

*For a Little Girl*

I AM a modest Violet—  
Dew tears of joy my dark eyes wet,  
My fragrance fills my lowly nest,  
The humblest oft are happiest.

*For a Girl*

I AM a stately Foxglove tall—  
I ring my nodding bells and call—  
Ho busy bees that wandering roam,  
Here's honey, honey, for your home !

*For a Boy*

A BULLRUSH I on river bank—  
Stand with my men in serried rank,  
And straight and proud keep watch and ward  
O'er all who pass the shining ford.

GREEK CHILDREN'S SWALLOW SONG

ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδὼν

THE swallow is here, is here  
Bringing the joyous spring,  
Bringing the joyous year  
On bosom white and sable wing.

Quick, out with the kneaded cake  
From the house of plenteous ease,  
And a cup of wine our thirst to slake  
And a basket filled with cheese !  
Nor on white bread nor brown  
Does the swallow look down.

Shall we take or shall we be gone ?  
If thou givest aught—  
But woe if not,  
We will not let thee alone.

---

*Greek Children's Swallow Song*

---

Shall we take the door or the lintel  
Or thy wife who sits within ?  
We'll easily carry her off,  
She is so small and thin ;  
But if thou givest a portion,  
Great may thy portion be.

Ope, ope to the swallow the door !  
We are no sages with foreheads hoar  
But only children are we.

*Athenæus*, viii. 360 c.

τῶν ἐν Θερμοπύλαις θανόντων

**R**ENOWNED their lot and fair their fame,  
Thermopylæ's great dead ;  
Their grave a shrine is, theirs for pity acclaim,  
And memory in the stead  
Of tears ; a shroud  
So rich, so proud,  
Nor mouldering stain  
Nor conquering time shall blot ;  
The ' Heroes' Close ' this plot  
All Hellas' glory to its tenant hath ta'en.

So witnesses Leonidas, the King  
Of Sparta, he who left behind  
Rich ornament of valorous mind  
And praise that bards shall never cease to sing.

*Simonides ap. Diod. Sic. xi. 11.*



‘MY LATE ESPOUSED SAINT’

**B**ELOVED she moved among us,  
Belovèd she lies in her grave,  
To a home, to a husband’s bosom  
Came never a bride more brave.

Tomb of a buried mortal  
Count not her barrow then,  
As the shrines of the gods are honoured  
Be it honoured of men !

Climbing the crookèd way  
There shall the traveller say,  
‘She died on a day for her husband  
And now she’s a spirit in heaven ;  
All hail, Lady, thy blessing  
Here to us be it given !’

*Euripides : Alcestis ; vv. 991—1004.*

VANITY FAIR

HIM, Parmeno, I reckon happiest  
Who, looking calmly on this glorious pageant  
Of common sun, stars, water, cloud, and fire  
Awhile, soon takes his journey whence he came.  
For these, if thou should live to be an hundred,  
Thou'lt still see there, or if thy years be few ;  
And aught more glorious thou'lt never see.

Count then our time on earth as a World's Fair,  
Where mankind gather from their several homes,  
—A chaffering crowd, thieves, dice, the fun o' the fair,—  
The first to pack his traps and leave his inn  
Takes the best victual and the good word of all ;  
But he who lingers late, cleaned out and broken,  
Finds sour old age and want come surely on him  
Banded about 'mid enemies and snares :  
Who comes to stay, goes sorrily to's grave.

*From Menander's 'Changeling.'*

A GREEK ADDISON

*Cf. 'Spectator,' No. 26*

WHENEVER thou would'st know thy real worth,  
Mark, as thou goest, the gravestones of the dead !  
There shrunk to ashes and a puff of dust,  
Lie kings and kesars once the great and wise,  
And they whom wealth and they whom birth made  
boastful,  
Or their great glory or their shining beauty,  
But nought of all could fence them against time,  
Mortal they were and found one common grave ;  
Look on the dead and know man's true estate !

*From an unknown play of Menander.*

THE OLD YACHT

THAT craft, my friends, you there behold,  
The fastest thing afloat of old,  
If you'll believe her tale, was she ;  
'No timber ever swam the sea  
But she could give it the go-by,  
Were need with oar or sail to fly' ;  
A truth fell Adria's beach allows,  
Aye, and the Circlet Isles, she vows,  
And glorious Rhodes and savage Thrace,  
Propontis, and thy wreckful race,  
Pontus, where she a ship to-day  
Was once a waving wood, she'll say,  
Whose vocal tresses whispered oft  
Upon Cytorus' ridge aloft.

Pontic Amastris and ye rocks  
Cytorian hight that bear the box,  
Ye knew, ye know, and ye can tell  
How since the hour her birth befell,

Yours was the top on which she stood,  
—So much she claims,—and yours the flood  
First wet her maiden oars, anon  
Through chafing channels many a one  
She bore her lord, howe'er the gale  
On port or starboard woo'd the sail,  
Or if heaven's influence following fair  
Strained either sheet with equal air ;  
Nor ever vow to gods of shore  
For her did crew or captain pour,  
While from old Ocean's farthest bound  
To this clear lake her way she found.  
But that is ancient history,  
To-day in harbour she's laid by  
To rest and rust self-dedicate  
To Castor and to Castor's mate.

*Catullus : Carm. iv.*

THE POET TO THE ORATOR

TULLY, of all Rome's progeny  
Most eloquent that e'er can be,  
Or is, or was in history,  
Full thanks to you Catullus gives  
The very poorest bard that lives,  
Of all Rome's bards as much the worst  
As you of all her bar the first.

*Catullus : Carm. xlix.*

PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR

DEAR Martial, if with you I could  
Taste days of gladness free from care,  
Arrange my moments as I would,  
Leisure, and life worth living, share,  
On halls and houses of the great,  
Dull glories of heraldic state,  
Crabbed cases in the dismal court,  
On these, on these we would not wait :  
But walk and talk and book and sport,  
The cool alcove, the shady tree,  
The bath, the Maiden Fount, should be  
Business and haunt for you and me.

To-day, alas ! nor you nor I  
Can be ourselves ; the bright hours meant  
To be so good, they pass and fly,  
Still scored against us 'had and spent.'

Ah, is not this the moral, say,  
He who *might* live must not delay ?

*Martial: Epig. v. 20.*

EPITAPH

**B**ENEATH this rising mound entombed is laid  
Æolis' Canace ; poor little maid,  
Her seventh winter was her very last ;  
O sin, O shame ! yet stay, you weep too fast ;  
Life's transient term here is no place to blame,  
Sad was her death, more sad the way it came :  
A wasting plague her beauty reft away  
And made her darling face its helpless prey,  
Ruthless, her very kisses to consume,  
Nor give her lips unrifled to the tomb :  
So sudden must he swoop, the vulture god,  
At least he might some other way have trod ;  
Nay, Death made haste her sweet voice to imprison,  
Lest that dear tongue should coax e'en the grim grave  
to listen.

*Martial: Epig., xi. 81.*



‘WER NIE SEIN BROD’

*(From Goethe)*

WHO never ate with tears his bread,  
Who never in drear midnight hours  
Hath sat him weeping on his bed,  
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers.

You bring poor mortals to the birth,  
You let them sin, and then to sorrow  
You hand them o’er, for on your earth  
All they must surely pay who borrow !

THE DISDAINFUL SHEPHERDESS

(*From Goethe*)

'T WAS a cloudless April morrow,  
And the Shepherdess went singing,  
Young and fair and without sorrow,  
Setting all the meadows ringing,  
*So la la ! lay ralla . . .*

Thyrsis offered for a kissie  
Of his lambs a pair or more—  
Paused and glanced the artful missie,  
Laughed and lilted as before,  
*So la la ! lay ralla . . .*

Then a second ribbons offered,  
And a third his heart would tender :  
Heart or ribbons, all they proffered,  
She did still one answer render,—  
'Twas—*la la ! lay ralla . . .*

ES FÄLLT EIN STERN HERUNTER

(*From Heine*)

FALLETH a shooting star  
From his sparkling heights above,  
I see it from afar,  
It is the star of love !

Fall from the apple trees  
Both leaf and blossom thick,  
Cometh the mocking breeze,  
Tosseth with wanton trick.

Singeth a swan i' the mere  
And roweth to and fro,  
With song that dies on the ear  
Sinketh the flood below.

All is so still and dark,  
Both leaf and bloom are flown,  
Burnt out the smouldering spark,  
The swan hath ended her moan.

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